Let not this waſpe out liue vs both to ſting,
Chiron. I warrant you maddame we will make that ſure:
Come Miſtris now perforce we will enioy,
That nice preſerued honeſtie of yours.
Lauinia. Oh *Tamora*, thou beareſt a womans face.
Tamora. I will not heare her ſpeake awaie with her,
Lauinia. Sweet Lords intreat her heare me but a word.
Demetrius. Liſten faire Maddame let it be your glory
To ſee her teares, but be your hart to them:
As vnrelenting Flint to drops of raine. (dam,
Lauinia. VVhen did the Tigers young ones teach the
Oh doe not learne her wrath: ſhe taught it thee,
The Milke thou ſuckſt from her did turne to Marble,
Euen at thy teat thou hadſt thy tyrranie,
Yet euerie Mother breeds not ſonnes a like,
Doe thou intreat her ſhew a womans pittie. (baſtard:
Chiron. VVhat wouldſt thou haue me proue my ſelfe a
Lauinia. Tis true the Rauen doth not hatch a Larke,
Yet haue I hard, Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion moued with pittie did indure,
To haue his Princelie pawes parde all away:
So me ſay that Rauens foſter forlorne children,
The whilſt their owne birds famiſh in their neſts:
Oh be to me though thy hard hart ſay no,
Nothing ſo kinde but ſomething pittifull.
Tamora. I know not what it meanes, away with her.
Lauinia. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers ſake,
That gaue thee life when well he might haue ſlaine thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deafe yeares.
Tamora. Hadſt thou in perſon nere offended mee,
Euen for his ſake am I pittileſſe.
Remember boyes I powrd forth teares in vaine,
To ſaue your brother from the ſacrifice,
But fearce *Andronicus* would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and vſe her as you will,

The

The worſe to her the better lou'd of m
Lauinia. Oh *Tamora* be calld a Gen
And with thine owne hands kill me in
For tis not life that I haue begd ſo long
Poore I was ſlaine when *Baſcianus* did
Tamora. VVhat begſt thou then f
Lauinia. Tis preſent death I beg, a
That woman-hood denies my tong to
Oh keepe me from there worſe than kil
And tumble me into ſome lothſome pi
VVhere neuer mans eye may behold m
Doe this and be a charitable murderer.
Tamora. So ſhould I rob my ſweet ſo
No let them ſatiſfiee their luſt on thee
Demetrius. Away for thou haſt ſtaid
Lauinia. No grace, no womanhood, a
The blot and enemie to our generall n
Confuſion fall
Chiron. Nay then Ile ſtop your mou
This is the hole where *Aron* bid vs hid
Tamora. Farewell my ſons, ſee that y
Nere let my hart know merry cheare i
Till all the *Andronicie* be made away:
Now will I hence to ſeeke my louely N
And let my ſpleenfull ſonnes this Tru

Enter Aron with two of Ti

Come on my Lords the better foot be
Straight will I bring you to the lothſo
VVhere I eſpied the Panther faſt aſle
Quintus. My ſight is verie dull wh
Mart. And mine I promiſe you, w
VVell could I leaue our ſport to flee
Quintus. VVhat art thou fallen wha
VVhoſe mouth is couered with rud